

poetry



2021

VOLUME 1

ARIZONA STATE HOSPITAL
POETRY COLLECTION

VOLUME 1

2021

**ARIZONA STATE HOSPITAL
POETRY COLLECTION**

POETRY BY

**INDIVIDUALS ON THE
ARIZONA STATE HOSPITAL
CIVIL CAMPUS**

compiled by rehab staff

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
THOSE WE HAVE LOST THIS YEAR.

YOU WILL BE MISSED.

INTRODUCTION

**This anthology includes works
individuals have completed
while in attendance of several
creative writing rehab groups
on the civil campus from May
to December of 2021.**

**Works have been selected by
staff from a monthly vote held
across multiple Arizona State
Hospital campuses to
determine 1st, 2nd and 3rd
place.**

**Honorable mentions for each
month have also been included.**

POEMS

MAY

AS I REACH FOR...

AS MY EYES FELL WEARY,
THE DAY BECAME NIGHT.
THE LOSS OF SIGHT DERIVED FROM
TOO MUCH MIGHT.
AS MY LEGS GREW HEAVY BEFORE
TIME WAS OUT OF SIGHT,
THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.
WHEN MY SENSES BEGAN TO FADE,
TOO MUCH MIGHT.
MADE THE CLOCK TAKE LIFE AWAY
AS THE DAY BECAME NIGHT
BUT WHEN THE ARROW OF TIME
REACHED DAY,
THE DAY REACHED NIGHT.
IF HOPE BECAME MIGHT WE WOULD
NEVER LOSE SIGHT.

1ST PLACE

MAY

HIDDEN

UNDER A BRIDGE,
LOW I HID.
IN THE DARKEST NIGHTS,
SADLY I CRIED.
SEWAGE WASTE.
AVOIDING A BITE FROM A SPIDER.

2ND PLACE



ROCK FORMATION

CURVACEOUS WHITE LINES
ARE FORMED BY GUSHING WATER
RUSHING SWIFTLY THROUGH.

3RD PLACE

MAY

SELF REFLECTION

I'M GOING AT MY OWN PACE AND I'M GAINING
TRUST, SO FEAR IS NOTHING TO ME. IT'S REAL AND
IT'S IN THE WORLD SO IT MEANS SOMETHING TO
ME, I REALIZE THINGS AND UNDERSTAND LIFE.

PEACE

STATE OF CALM AND QUIET, ABSENCE
OF WAR OR STRIFE. THIS IS THE
REASON WHY I AM SO IN PEACE
BECAUSE IF I GET MAD AT SOMEONE,
THAT IS NOT QUIET AND CALM OR THE
ABSENCE OF WAR OR STRIFE. I AM IN
PEACE, ALL MY LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL
BECAUSE I USED TO WONDER ABOUT
THINGS.

TAKE FLIGHT

FAR UP IN THE SKY
THE HAWK LOVES TO FLY.
IT'S GREAT UP THERE SO HIGH
IF ONLY I HAD A BIRD AS A PET. I SIGH,
I LOVE BIRDS, GUESS WHY,
BECAUSE I JUST DO, THAT'S WHY!

MAY

SHADE

IT WAS SUMMER OF ABOUT 105 DEGREES.
THE LITTLE BOY HAD SANDALS ON HIS FEET.
WASN'T IT NICE TO BE
IN THE PRECIOUS SHADE OF A TREE?



HUMMINGBIRDS

RUN, RUN, RUN NEVERMORE STAND STILL
BECAUSE TO THEM, DOWN TO THE
FLOWERS AND ROSES THEY SOAR.

UP TO THE FEEDER INTO THE ROOF OF
THE NEST AND WOULD HOPE BEES NEVER
BORN. WHERE THEY LAY THEIR EGGS,
THEY TOOK THE WEB FROM CHARLOTTE'S
WEB, NEVERMORE LIKE SOME OLD WEB.
THE WEBS, THEY MADE INTO BIG NESTS,
ARE THE SIZE $\frac{1}{2}$ A PEACH.

WHILE THE MALES ZOOM AT EACH OTHER
BY THE FEEDER OVER WHO IS GOING TO
BE THE LEADER.

JUNE

REFLECTIONS

A SNOWY PEAK'S REFLECTION IN
THE LAKE,
THE PICTURE ALMOST APPEARS
FAKE.

MAYBE A FIRE CREATED THE
ORANGE HAZE,
SETTING THE MOUNTAIN AND
WATER ABLAZE.

1ST PLACE



JUNE

RAINBOW

DIFFERENT COLORS SWIRL AROUND
EACH OTHER,
SEEMS LIKE THEY KNOW ONE
ANOTHER.
KOOL-AID MIXTURE IS BITTERSWEET,
ENHANCING THE SMELL DOWN TO
MY FEET.

2ND PLACE



TO BE? OR NOT TO BE, STATISTICS IS IT?

LAUGHTER IS CLOSE TO LOVE.
DANGER IS ALWAYS NEAR BUT HARDLY
SEEN.

THE TIME IS VERY COLD.
EYES CAN SEE EVEN WHEN CLOSED.

3RD PLACE

JUNE

OASIS

THE DUSTY AIR LINGERS,
LEAVING A TASTE LIKE CRISPY BREAD.
A RIVER FLOWING?
I FEEL SAND BENEATH MY TOES.
BUT IT'S JUST ANOTHER DUNE.



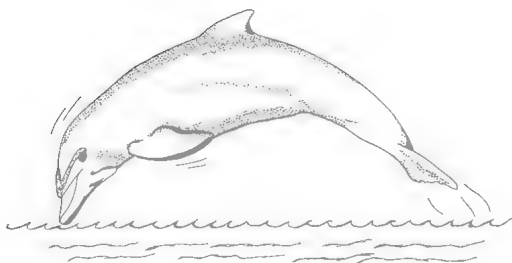
VOLUME

WHEN THE WHITE DOVE WAS RELEASED, ITS
SPIRIT SOARED HIGH.
SHEDDING TOO MANY TEARS ABOVE THE
CLOUDS,
THE SOUL OF THE FREE SPIRIT FEELS FREE TO
ENDURE WHATEVER IT COMES UP AGAINST.
HER INTENTIONS WERE TO INVEST IN WHERE
SHE NEEDED TO BE.
AS HER HEART GROWS STRONG SHE EVOLVES.
AS HER SPIRIT IS HEADED ALONG WITH HER
SOUL,
TO HEAL AND SEAL.

JUNE

VISITORS IN THE NIGHT

LIGHTS SHINING BRIGHT
THROUGH MY WINDOW.
WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
WHERE DID THEY GO?
WAS IT A UFO?



FEEDING TIME

THE DOLPHIN DIVES AMID THE FISH.
THE WAVES CRASH AND SWISH.
IT'S TIME TO SNIFF OUT MY PREY.
THE SALTY WATER CONTINUES TO SPRAY.
SQUEALING WITH EXCITEMENT ESCAPES
MY BEAK,
AS I FOLLOW THE PREY I SEEK.

JUNE

PULAU

THE MALAYSIAN ISLAND'S ARE MOSTLY FOREST. THE EARLY MORNING MIST IN THE FOREST CANOPY FADES AS THE SUN RISES. A DAY OF NEW LIFE HAS JUST BEGUN. RAIN WILL CERTAINLY FALL AGAIN AS THE CLOUDS MOVE IN FROM THE EAST.

THE VALLEY BELOW

YEAH, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL FROM THE LORD'S RIGHT HAND. IT GUIDES ME AND SENDS WATER TO THE PASTURE. HE GIVES ME REST, QUITE PRESUMPTUOUSLY, WHEN I NEED IT. I GAZE AT THE MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE WONDERING; LORD WILL YOU SUSTAIN MY FAITH TO MOVE THIS MAMMOTH OF A MOUNTAIN? HIS WARM SMILE REASSURES ME IT CAN BE DONE. IT WILL BE OKAY. IF IT DOES MOVE, IT WILL BECOME MY FORTRESS, MY ROCK. THE LORD SHIELDS ME FROM HARM IN THE SHELTER OF HIS WINGS.

JULY

OMEN

OCEANS OF DARKNESS,
SEAS OF PAIN.
THE DEVIL IS HEARTLESS
WE'RE IN HIS GAME
DRIFTING LIKE THE WIND,
CAN'T SEEM TO PAUSE
IN A WORLD OF SIN.
CAN'T FIND A CAUSE.
YOU FEEL LIKE YOU LOSE
CARDS ON THE TABLE,
JOKER IS ABLE,
BUT THE KING'S GOT NEWS.

1ST PLACE



JULY

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS

EXAMINE THE FOREST.
BARGAIN WITH THE TREE FOR
SPACE.
CREDIT IT FOR THE SHADE IT
PROVIDES.
VIEW THE SHRUBBERY ALL AROUND
AND SO
BECOME THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

2ND PLACE

USMC

LOVE TO PROTECT.
PEACE!
HONOR TO SERVE.
BLESS!
LOVE TO GIVE RESPECT.
HONOR TO SOLVE PROBLEMS.

3RD PLACE

JULY

FUTURE

MY DYING SOUL,
SENT OFF A VIGOROUS CHIME.
AS IT REACHES THE EVERLASTING JOURNEY,
TOWARDS ITS FINAL DESTINATIONS.
FINALLY REACHES A POWER SOURCE TO SAVE ME
AND MY FUTURE.



SPANISH HORSE

WHOLESOME WHITE WITH IT'S MANE
WHIPPING IN THE WIND.
THE HEAVY HOOVES POUNDING THE GRASS
BELOW.
MANURE REEKS TO SOME WHO AREN'T
FAMILIAR.
MUNCHING ON THE GRASS, SALIVA MAKES IT
GLOW.
BUT STILL MY TAIL IS GROOMED,
AS IT CONTINUES SIDE TO SIDE TO BLOW.

JULY

MY FRIEND

TO BE A GOOD FRIEND YOU NEED TO BE
HONEST AND OPEN MINDED. YOU NEED TO BE
ABLE TO TALK TO THIS OTHER PERSON. IT'S
IMPORTANT TO HAVE GOOD LISTENING
SKILLS. THIS IS WHAT MAKES A GOOD FRIEND.
THIS IS THE OLD ME.



CONFUSING

SILENT FROM AFAR.
FLASHBACKS MADE MY MIND AJAR.
DRAMATIC SEQUENCE OF BUILDINGS.
APPALLED BY THE LOCK AND KEY CHILDREN.
ENCOMPASSES THE HOUSING CIRCLE.

JULY

SEASONS

I LIKE SNOW ANGELS IN THE WINTER.

COLD IS FUN.

TRENCHES FOR IRRIGATION MAKE
CHILDREN'S HIDING PLACES IN WINTER
FOR SNOWBALL FIGHTS.

WINDS ARE BEST ENJOYED IN THE SPRING
FOR KITING SO SEND YOUR KITE SOARING.

SUMMER IS THE PERFECT PLACE FOR
FISHING AND SWIMMING AND PARKS.
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HAVING FUN, NO
COVID, THAT'S MY PRAYER.

INFLUENCE, A MAN OF BIG INFLUENCE,
THAT IS MY HUSBAND.

SELF REFLECTION

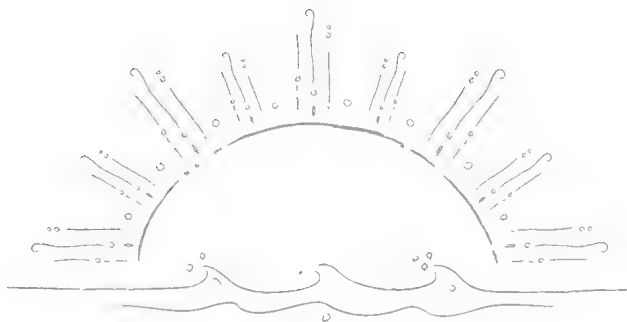
BE YOUR OWN TRUE SELF FOR YOU,
BECAUSE ONLY YOU KNOW YOU AS GOOD
AS YOU DO. TIMES ARE GETTING HARD,
HARD AS THEY'VE EVER BEEN AND YOU
NEED SOMEONE YOU CAN TRUST. FEW
THEY WILL BE, JUST DON'T DENY
YOURSELF. SHOW THEM WHO YOU ARE.

AUGUST

SKY'S THE LIMIT

EVERYONE HAS POTENTIAL.
IT'S AN INFINITE RESOURCE.
THAT CANNOT BE EXHAUSTED.
BUT CAN BE LOST IN THE CLOUDS
OF FEAR AND COMPLACENCY.
IT MAY TAKE COURAGE,
TO EMBRACE THE POSSIBILITIES
TO REDEFINE WAYS TO WIN AGAIN.

1ST PLACE



AUGUST

GREAT ESCAPE

I WAS BORN A PANDA ON THE
STOMACH OF A DRAGON. I HAD A MAP
FROM A HINDU SALESMAN AND IT TOLD
ME HOW TO SLITHER PAST ALL THE
DIFFERENT ANGLES OF THE DRAGON'S
VERTEBRAE. I FOUND A KEY AND SLID
DOWN HIS NECK. THE KEY UNLOCKED A
CAGE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS HEAD
THAT TRAPPED MY TURTLE FRIENDS.
THEN THE TURTLES SHIELDED ME FROM
THE DRAGON'S FLAMES AND WE
ESCAPED INTO THE FREE WORLD. WE
WERE REWARDED WITH OUR OWN
BRAND OF MAYONNAISE AND CAESAR
SALAD.

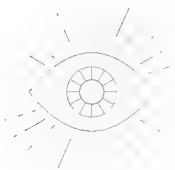
2ND PLACE



AUGUST

THESE EYES

THESE EYES.
NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THEY'VE SEEN.
THESE EYES.
WHAT COLOR ARE THEY
BLUE, GREEN, HAZEL OR WHITE?
THESE EYES.
THE THINGS OF THE PAST
BE IT EVIL OR GOOD
OR EVEN NEUTRAL.
THINGS OF THE FUTURE
GOOD OR BAD.
THE SACRIFICES THEY'VE MADE.
THE SCREAMING, HURTING LIGHTS.
I SEE YOU
DO YOU SEE ME?



3RD PLACE

AUGUST

NATURE CALLS

IT IS BLUE AND BEAUTIFUL.
YOU COULD ONLY DREAM OF AN OCEAN LIKE
THIS, SO CLEAN.

IT'S OKAY FOR MAN TO SWIM IN.
THERE ARE EVEN FISH FROM THE DEEP,
FOLLOWED BY DOLPHINS.
SWARMING FISH GLIDE FROM THE FATHOMS AT
THE BOTTOM.
NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE.



COSMIC

HOW THE CASTING SHADOW DOESN'T
HAVE TO BE REFLECTED
OR SEEN WITH A CORRECTION OF
THE SUN AND THE SUN'S RADIATING
ENERGY.

SEEN OR NOT FELT,
SHIFTED AND NOT INTENTIONAL,
BE BY THE CASTING MOON.

AUGUST

THE WAY

WIN THE RACE,
LOSE THE SAD FACE.
DRAW UPON YOUR CROWNING GRACE.

AS YOU RACE,
FRESH AND READY,
FINISH AT A SLOWER PACE.
EXHAUSTED AND NOT TOO STEADY.

WIN FIRST PLACE, GOLD.
LOSE THE RACE, STILL BE BOLD.
PIN THE MEDAL ON YOUR HEART,
YOU PROVED YOURSELF FROM THE START.

ENLIGHTENED

THE SUN RAYS CAUSED MY EYES TO TURN
RED.

THE CROWD CHEERS WEIGHED ON ME,
LIKE LEAD.

BELOW MY FEET, THAT SHEET OF ICE
WAS WHITE.

SOMEHOW, I SOON FOUND MYSELF IN
THE LIMELIGHT.

CLEARLY YOU CAN SEE THE IRIS IS BLUE,
SO IT IS, I AM ARRAYED THE SAME, FROM
HAT TO SHOE.

AUGUST

CELEBRATE AMERICAN ARTIST APPRECIATION
MONTH - SLOPE

THE WAY MY INSERTION OVERCAME MY
EXPRESSIONS,
MY GRATITUDE WAS ALWAYS THE BLESSING.
LIKE A TREASURE FROM MY HEART,
THE PLACES OF CONTENT IN AMERICAN ART.

YOU

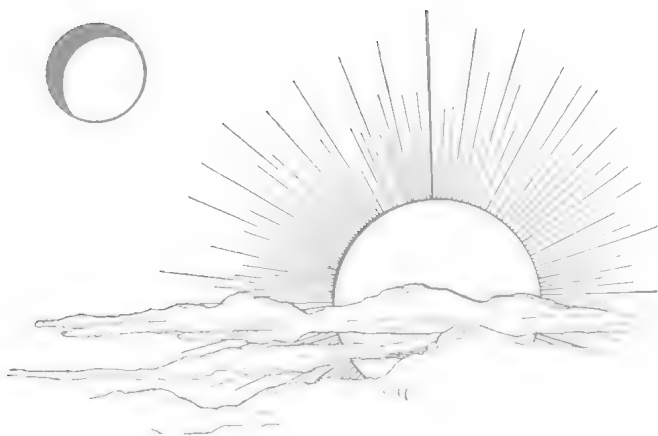
IF I COULD PUT TIME IN A BOTTLE ,
IT WOULD BE NOTHING BUT YOU.
I'D PULL OUT MORE TIME EVERYTIME WE'RE
TOGETHER.
EVERYDAY WOULD BE A NEW DAY, A FRESH
START.
WE'D CUDDLE.
DO THE THINGS YOU LIKE TO DO.
I'D GIVE YOU CANDLELIGHT DINNERS.
SING TO YOU.
RUB YOUR FEET AFTER A LONG DAY.
I'D WRITE YOU SONGS AND LYRICS.
COOK THE THINGS YOU LIKE.
PROTECT YOU.
AND MOST IMPORTANT, LOVE YOU FOR WHO
YOU ARE.

SEPTEMBER

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

BEAUTIFUL SKIES,
ELECTRICAL FLOW
ATOMS TRAPPED.
THE SUN'S SOLAR WIND
AND THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD
WORK TOGETHER.

1ST PLACE



SEPTEMBER

PICTURESQUE BREAKFAST

SUN UP WITH FLAP JACKS AND SYRUP.
COFFEE WITH FRENCH VANILLA
CREAMER.
STOVE TOP HASH BROWNS
AND SUNNY SIDE UP EGGS.
FOLKLORE, THEY'LL BE PLAYING ON A
WASHBOARD.

2ND PLACE



ANIMALS

HAWKS, OWLS, CATS,
DOGS, DRAGON,
CHAMELEON, GOOSE
AND DUCK
BUT NOT
ME!

3RD PLACE

SEPTEMBER

CELEBRATE NATIONAL HISPANIC HERITAGE
MONTH - ROBERTO CLEMENTE

HIT THAT BALL.
FIELD IT AS IT FALLS.
CATCH THE SMILING FACES.
STEAL THE BASE, FAIR AND SQUARE.
RUN THE BALL DOWN, THAT WAS HIGH UP IN
THE AIR.



FLOWING

LAKES, LAKES, LAKES OF THE MOON.
LAKES OF TREES,
HOW WE CALL.
LAKES, LAKES, LAKES OF LATER,
IN THE MORNING.
LAKES, LAKES, LAKES OF THE MOONS,
OF THE STARS.

SEPTEMBER

CELEBRATE NATIONAL HISPANIC HERITAGE MONTH - ROBERTO GOIZUETA

GOIZUETA IS A PIONEERING BUSINESSMAN
FROM CUBA THAT MADE
AMERICAN HISTORY WORKING FOR THE
COCA-COLA COMPANY.

DREAMING WITH AMBITION, HE REACHED
RADICAL HEIGHTS IN THE AMERICAN
BUSINESS WORLD AND BROUGHT ABOUT
CHANGE WITH HIS NEW IDEAS AND
PRODUCT.

CELEBRATE NATIONAL HISPANIC HERITAGE MONTH - RITA MORENO

THE GRACE FOR LIBERTY IS TO PICK UP
GOD'S DREAMS. PUERTO RICO'S RITA
MORENO, SHE PICKED UP GOD'S DREAMS
INSTEAD OF SUCCUMBING TO POVERTY. SHE
GAINED A WAY OUT OF POVERTY BY THE
GRACE OF GOD, GIVING HER MIRACLE
GUIDANCE IN HER HEART. A SOMEONE TO
JESUS BUT NO ONE TO MAN AT FIRST. GOD
WORKED IN HER LIFE. RITA IS A ROLE MODEL
SO ALL OF US SHOULD BE ASCRIBING TO BE A
ROLE MODEL LIKE HER. SHE OVERCAME
POVERTY AND PREJUDICE. GOD GAVE HER
PROMISES OF WEALTH.

SEPTEMBER

HOME

FUTURE DREAM PLACE

ISLAND OF THE PACIFIC

JUNGLEY PLACE

INDIVIDUAL PLACE



**CELEBRATE NATIONAL HISPANIC HERITAGE
MONTH - DOLORES HUERTA**

MINORITIES IN EAST LA HAD A CIVIL RIGHTS
LAWYER REPRESENT THEIR
RIGHTS FOR MEXICAN AMERICANS IN THE
GHETTO'S AND PROTECTED
BILINGUAL RIGHTS FOR THEM, WORKING FOR A
BETTER EDUCATION.

TOGETHER THE LAWYER HELPED FIGHT FOR
MORE JOBS.

UNITY CAME FIRST AND
COMMUNITY WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT.

OCTOBER

HOLIDAYS

THE HOLIDAY SQUASH TASTED
SO WELL
UNTIL AUNT CASEY BURNT THE
EDGES,
THEN IT TASTED LIKE HELL.

1ST PLACE



OCTOBER

OCTOBER

BEAUTY IS IN THE SUNLIGHT,
EVIL IS IN THE DARK.
LAUGHTER IS GOOD.
BALLOONS GO UP
AND THEN
COME DOWN.
LOVE IS TRUE
JUST LIKE A TREE
IT GROWS BIG AND STRONG.
YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT IS IN
THE FUTURE
OR WHAT IT BEHOLDS.
YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE A LIFE
DON'T TAKE IT YOURSELF
BECAUSE THERE'S A PLAN YOU
DON'T KNOW.

2ND PLACE

OCTOBER

THE OWL

SILENCE IS THE OWL.
SOLITUDE IS WHERE IT DWELLS.
WATCHING FOR FOOD,
BACK INTO THE FUTURE HE SMELLS.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.
SOLITUDE IS PEACE, WATCHING
NATURE.
BACK TO SLEEP HE GOES.

SILENCE IS THE WAY.
SOLITUDE HIS STYLE.
WATCHING, WAITING FOR FOOD.
BACK TO THE BRANCH HE FLEW.

3RD PLACE

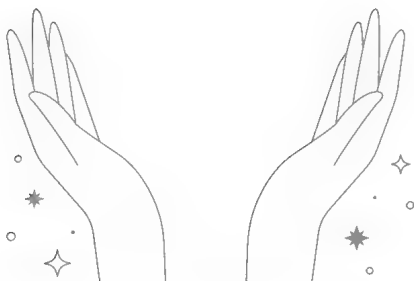


OCTOBER

LOVE FOR LIFE

YOUR LOVE IS FINE, SO PUT IT WITH ME.
AND IF WE USE LOVE, WE WILL LOVE FOR LIFE.
THE FEELING OF YOUR LOVE LOCKED IN MY HEAD,
BECAUSE IT'S PERFECT.

LOVE CAN BE LOVE, I WON'T GIVE YOU UP.
BODIES WE JUST USE FOR FUN.
USE EM UP, TILL EVERY LITTLE PIECE IS GONE.
WE LOVE FOR LIFE.



THE TOUCH OF AUTUMN

PUMPKINS RISE ON THE SOILED GROUND.
THE TREES ARE ORANGE AND YELLOW AND
THE SMELL IS LIKE NEW RAIN.
I LOVE AUTUMN BECAUSE IT'S TOUCHABLE IN
MANY WAYS.

OCTOBER

FRIGHT

YOUR PRETTY, PEARLY TEETH,
HAVE BECOME A DREARY NIGHT TIME MEET.

BITING YOUR NECK,
IS QUITE A WRECK!

TERROR INCITED IN THE THIRD WORLD,
IS ONLY JEALOUSY SWIRLED.



THE BEAUTY AS IT IS

WITCHES AND BITCHES IN HEAT.
SOMETIMES THE TWO OF THEM
DON'T MEET.

HARVEST NOTHING DEMONIC, BE
GRATEFUL FOR FREEDOM FRIENDS.
WE FEAST ON TREATS ANYWHERE
FROM CARAMEL APPLES, TOO SWEET!
WORKING TO KEEP WARM ON MAIN
STREET.

OCTOBER

THE SIGHTS OF AUTUMN

LEAVES TUMBLING DOWN
LEAVING WITH A FROWN.

BARE ARE THE TREES
BEFORE THE WINTER FREEZE.

MANY HUES OF RUST
AS THEY BUST.

RAKING THE LEAVES
LEAVING SWEAT ON THE SLEEVES.

THE SIGHTS OF AUTUMN!

LEADERSHIP

LOVE
EXCELLENCE
ARISTOCRATIC
DEPENDABLE
ESSENCE
RELATIONSHIP
SCHOOLING
HOSPITALITY
INDEPENDENT
PRINCIPLED

NOVEMBER

DESERT STORM

ON RUSTY CANS THAT LAY SIDWAYS UP,
IN THE DESERT.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS,
YOU CAN SEE THE STORMY WEATHER
AHEAD.

TIMES WHEN THE RUST AND RAIN SPLASH,
THEN IT DOES SO WELL,
IN THE DESERT.

1ST PLACE



NOVEMBER

FALL REFLECTION

BUNDLE UP FOR JOY AND WARMTH.

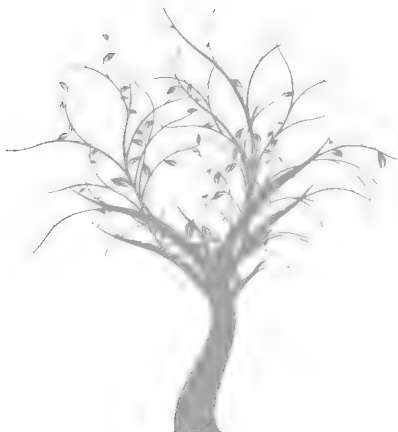
BREATHE IN THE FRESH AIR.

GIVE THANKS TO TEACHERS OF ALL
KINDS, EVERYWHERE.

CATCH A CHILL TO GET WARM WITH
SOCIETY.

GIFTS GIVEN TO EACH OTHER AND
RETURNED,
A TRADE FOR ALL TO ENJOY.

2ND PLACE



NOVEMBER

**CELEBRATE NATIVE AMERICAN
CULTURE MONTH -
SURVIVAL DANCE**

OVER THE RAINBOW GOES THE
DESERT WARRIOR, TO WIN.
BECAUSE WITHOUT THE SACRED
ELEMENT, THE WARRIOR WOULD FAIL.
ALSO THE RAIN DANCE IS THEIR
SURVIVAL WAY.
THE DESERT WARRIOR CAN DANCE TO
CONTROL THE WEATHER.

3RD PLACE



NOVEMBER

LONG WAIT

THE WAY WE DESIGN CAN HELP BRING NOT
JUST FOOD TO THE TABLE,
BUT PEOPLE AS WELL.

THE LESSON LEARNED IS THAT
COLLABORATION HELPS EXPRESS ONE'S
SELF.

MIXING AND CHANGING SCARCITY AND
DIVERSITY,
DON'T GIVE THEM AN AUDITION TOWARDS
JUST ONE.

ONE'S INSPIRATIONAL MINDSET HELPS
SURPASS POTENTIAL.

CELEBRATE NATIVE AMERICAN CULTURE MONTH - FESTIVAL

DRUMS

ALL-AROUND

NAVAJO

CULTURE

ESSENTIAL

REVERENCE

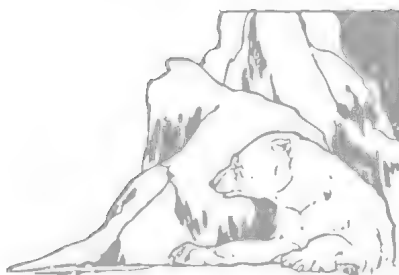
NOVEMBER

THE BEAR

SEARCHING FOR FOOD,
THE MAGNIFICENT BEAR,
WALKING AMONG THE LEAF-STREWN GROUNDS.

PREPARING TO HIBERNATE
IN THE WOODLAND AREA.
A WONDEROUS ANIMAL.

IN ITS RUST-COLORED FUR.
IT IS INSPIRATIONAL,
JUST WATCHING HIM.



WOODLAND VIEW

SO MUCH IN OUR ESSENCE.
THE LIGHT SHINES ON WITH BRILLIANCE,
AS THE LIFE APPEARS.
SKY HIGH.
SO FEELING THE SKY.
NOSTALGIA IS FOREVER.

NOVEMBER

PLUM FAIRY'S HIDEAWAY

BEAUTIFUL PLUM FAIRIES FLY THROUGH TO
HIDE IN THE FLOWERS.
THEY LOOK FORWARD TO THE BEES.

OMNIPOTENT GRACES OF GOD'S HEART.
TODAY THEY FEEL LIKE PETER PAN,
WALK IN HERE AND YOU'LL LIVE AGAIN.

RELAXING WALK IN THE HIDEAWAY PATH,
WHERE THE FAIRIES FLY IN THE FLOWERS
AND
WHERE GOD SEES TINKER BELL AS A FRIEND.



REFLECT

POVERTY,
WHEN YOU'RE CURSED,
BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE WORKS
OF THE CROSS.

DECEMBER

THE TRANSFORMATION

THE PEN AGAINST THE PAPER,
LIKE WATER TURNING INTO
WATER VAPOR.

MORPHING INTO AN ESSAY
OF THOUGHTS THAT WON'T GO
AWAY.

SHEDDING SOME LIGHT
ON TOPICS SEEMING NOT QUITE
RIGHT.

THE PURPOSE IS TO SHARE
AND HAVE EVERYONE HEAR.

1ST PLACE



DECEMBER

YOU

YOUR LIFE HAS CHANGED.
YOU HAVE GROWN FROM YOUR PAST.
YOU LEAVE THE BAD IN THE PAST.
YOU GO TOWARD NEW FRIENDS.
BEGIN YOUR NEW LIFE WHEN YOU
LEAVE ASH.

2ND PLACE



TAKING OUT THE GARBAGE

FILTHY LANGUAGE ON A LAD LIKE ME,
DON'T BE FOOLISH,
THE WOMEN WOULDN'T THINK I WAS
HANDSOME AND I WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO MAKE ONE HAPPY
WITH GARBAGE IN MY MOUTH.

3RD PLACE

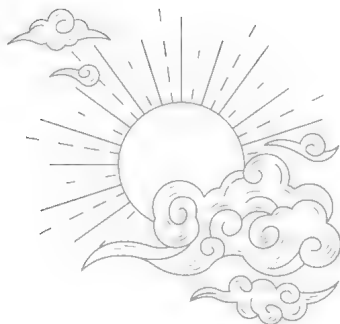
DECEMBER

ROAD RUNNER ♥

INTERESTING LIVES THE ROADRUNNERS LIVE.
I THINK THEY ARE A CUTE, NICE SIZE.
THEY ARE FAST.
NICE PRETTY FEATHERS,
PASSING ONE WOULD LIGHTEN MY DAY.

REBIRTH

YOU CALLED ME OUT OF THE GRAVE
SO I COULD LIVE LIFE, I WAS CHANGED.
FOR I WAS CAMOUFLAGED WITH CHRIST.



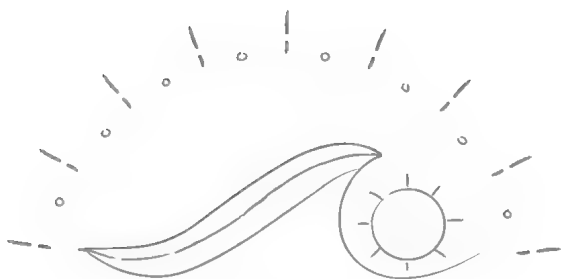
BLESSED DAY

ROYAL RISING OF THE GREAT SUN.
HIDING BEHIND THE THICK CLOUDS.
THE SHINING SUN PEAKS UP HIGH,
MASSAGING WATER BELOW THE BLUE SKY.

DECEMBER

EARTHRISE

YOU CAN SEE THE EARTH.
YOU CAN SEE THE MOON.
YOU CAN SEE THE SUNRISE UPON YOU.
IT MAY BE COLD.
IT MAY BE HOT.
IT MAY BE DARK IN THAT SPOT.
THE SUN RISES.
THE EARTH CIRCLES.
THE MOON MOVES AROUND US.



PADDLING OUT

SURFING AS THE MAN STANDS,
THE WAVES ROLL IN.
HE WENT DEEP
BUT THE SHARKS DID NOT EAT HIM.

FROM A LITTLE SURFER BOY HE GREW TO A
TALENTED MAN.
SURFING THE FREEZING COLD, I CAN!

DECEMBER

RISE UP EARTH

RISE UP, RISE UP
FROM THE PEARLY GATES,
THE GATES OF HELL,
FROM THE FAMINE,
COVID-19 AND OTHERS.

THE WILL TO SURVIVE.
JOBS, JOBS.
WHERE ARE THEY?
WEAR A MASK.

GET YOUR SHOTS,
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.
YOU'RE STILL ALIVE,
NOT DEAD.



AUTHORS' COMMENTS

Winning authors were asked if they would like to include their thoughts about the writing process and what creative writing activities meant to them.

Individuals were asked a series of questions, including "How does writing poetry make you feel?", "How did winning make you feel?" and if there was anything else they'd like to share about the creative writing groups.

These are some of their responses:

"IT HELPS EXPRESS MY CREATIVE EXPRESSIONS. IT FELT PRETTY GOOD TO WIN, TO BE HONEST. BEING ABLE TO WRITE MY ABSTRACT POETRY ALLOWS ME TO SHOW ANOTHER SIDE OF MYSELF."

"THIS ACTIVITY IS PURE EDUCATION. READING STUFF HELPS ME. IT FELT GREAT TO WIN. IT IS A GREAT PLACE TO GET MY THOUGHTS OUT."

"ESSENTIALLY I WANT TO EXPRESS FEELINGS OR THOUGHTS THAT OTHERS CAN RELATE TO OR IMAGINE WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT. THEY CAN GET TO SEE AND PICTURE THINGS THROUGH MY POETRY. THERE ARE NO SPECIFIC GUIDELINES YOU EXPECT US TO FOLLOW, YOU LET US FREELANCE AND COME OUT OF OUR IMAGINATION OF WHAT WE WRITE, ALLOWING BETTER THOUGHTS TO FLOW. IT WAS NICE TO WIN, I DID THE BEST I COULD AND I WAS HUMBLLED."

"I WAS ABLE TO EXPRESS MY FEELINGS AND WHEN I WON IT WAS A LOT OF EXCITEMENT KNOWING THAT OTHER PEOPLE WILL READ MY WORK FOREVER."

"I FEEL TRUE EMOTION AND BEWILDERMENT TO WIN AND I TRY TO BUILD ON THAT FEELING. IT IS INTERESTING TO SHARE WITH EACH PEER AND WAIT MY TURN TO SPEAK FREELY. WRITING ALLOWS ME TO EMBRACE, SURRENDER, GROW, MAINTAIN, FEEL AND EVOLVE. WORKING ON THIS PROJECT ALLOWS ME TO DISPERSE MY SENSES."

"FELT GOOD TO WIN AND THAT MY WRITING
MEANT SOMETHING MEANINGFUL. I
ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING. I ENJOY EXPRESSING
MYSELF AND I NOTICE THAT THE EXPERIENCE OF
BEING CHOSEN AS A WINNER MEANS THE WRITING
IS GETTING BETTER. I GET A LOT OUT OF WRITING.
THE GROUP OFFERS ME THE CHANCE TO THINK
AND WORK ON MY WRITING SKILLS. I AM
GRATEFUL FOR BEING ABLE TO WRITE MY FEELINGS
AND SHARE MY THOUGHTS WITH OTHERS."

"IT WAS NO BIG DEAL TO WIN. THE GROUP HELPS
ME VENT AND ALLEVIATE. IT IS ALSO GOOD
MOTIVATION FOR THE SPIRIT. INSPIRATION FOR
MY SOUL."

"I'VE ALWAYS FOUND WRITING TO BE A HELPFUL
COPING SKILL TO EITHER DISTRACT MY THOUGHTS
WITH MY IMAGINATION OR TO CLARIFY MY
THOUGHTS WHEN I AM HAVING AN ISSUE THAT I
NEED TO PROCESS. THE CREATIVE EXPRESSIONS
GROUP GAVE ME A PLACE TO BE WITH OTHER
PEOPLE WITH A SIMILAR INTEREST AND LEARN
DIFFERENT STYLES OF POETRY. MY FAVORITE PART
OF THE GROUP WAS BEING ABLE TO SHARE WITH
EVERYONE AND DISCUSS THE PIECES WE WROTE.
WHEN I WON THE POETRY CONTEST I FELT PROUD
AND ALSO GRATEFUL TO ALL THAT VOTED. I'VE
NEVER BEEN CONFIDENT IN MY WRITING BUT HAVE
ALWAYS WANTED TO WRITE MY MEMOIRS SO
MAYBE THIS WILL GIVE ME THE CONFIDENCE
BOOST TO DO SO."

"IT FELT PRETTY GOOD TO WIN. I LIKE THAT I AM ALLOWED TO RHYME ON MY OWN AND PARTICIPATE. I GET TO SPEAK MY MIND PHILOSOPHICALLY WITH POETRY AND WORDS; THEY GO HAND IN HAND. POETRY IS A BETTER WAY TO COME ACROSS SOMETIMES."

"I AM THANKFUL FOR WINNING. WRITING MAKES ME FEEL BETTER, LIKE LISTENING TO MUSIC. I TRY TO SOUND AS BEAUTIFUL AS POSSIBLE. IT PUTS ME AT EASE."

"WINNING MEANS GIVING GLORY TO GOD, IT IS ALL THROUGH HIM. GIVE THE GLORY WHERE ITS NEEDED. THIS GROUP TAKES ME BACK TO MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS WHERE I WAS A POET. I HAD A THICK BOOK OF POEMS. THE BEST PART OF THE GROUP IS I GET TO HEAR OTHER PEOPLE'S EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUNDS PLUS IT'S THERAPY. I TRUST GOD, HE IS A GREAT TEACHER."

"IT FELT GREAT TO WIN, I WAS ENTHUSIASTIC. HAVING THE GROUP IS CREATIVE AND ALLOWS AN OUTSPOKEN PURPOSE BECAUSE IT IS SELF SOOTHING. I LIKE GOING BECAUSE IT IS FRIENDLY AND SUPPORTIVE."



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"POETRY IS AN
ECHO, ASKING
THE SHADOW TO
DANCE"

CARL SANDBURG